

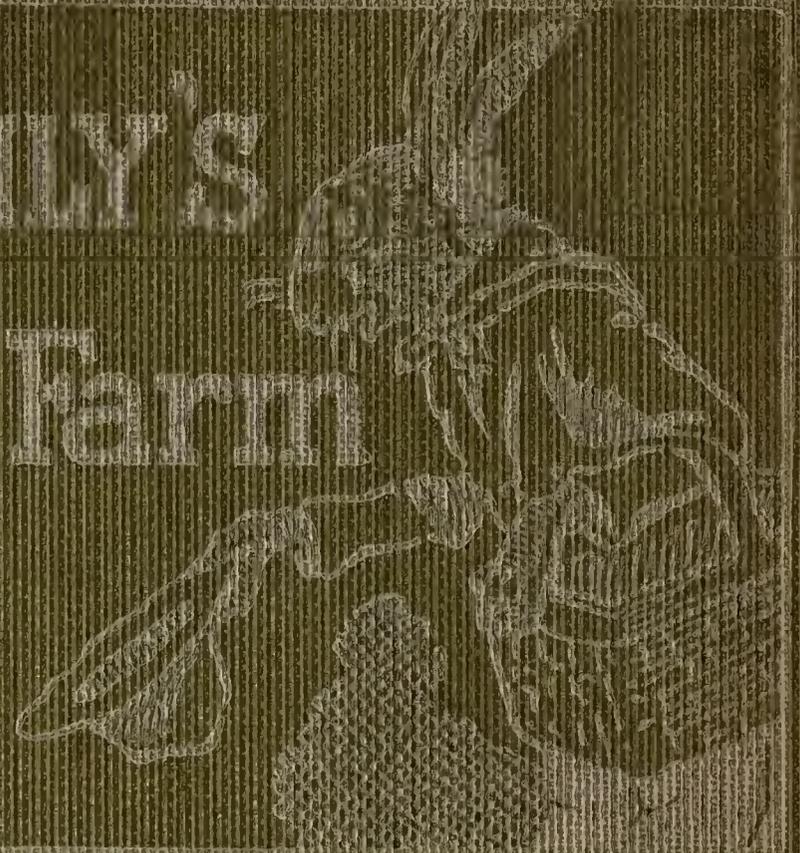
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# WIGGINS'S

## Visit to the Farm

by  
HOWARD R. GARIS



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NEWARK, N. J. — NEW YORK



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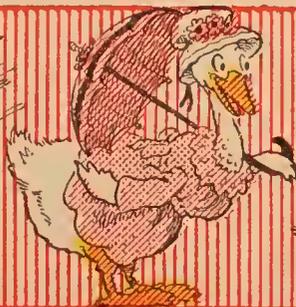
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of



When you have read, and laughed with glee  
Please bring this book right back to me.



JANG CAMPBELL



# UNCLE WIGGILY ON THE FARM

or

HOW HE HUNTED FOR EGGS AND WAS CAUSE FOR ALARM

AND

BULLY AND BAWLY, THE FROGGIE BOYS

ALSO

HOW UNCLE WIGGILY HELPED NURSE JANE

WITH THE HOUSE CLEANING.



TEXT BY

HOWARD R. GARIS

Author of THREE LITTLE TRIPPERTROTS and BED TIME STORIES

PICTURED BY

LANG CAMPBELL

NEWARK, N. J.

CHARLES E. GRAHAM & CO.

NEW YORK

IF YOU LIKE THIS FUNNY LITTLE PICTURE BOOK ABOUT THE  
BUNNY RABBIT GENTLEMAN YOU MAY BE GLAD  
TO KNOW THERE ARE OTHERS.

P. 2-10  
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44

So if the spoon holder doesn't go down cellar and take the coal shovel away  
from the gas stove, you may read

- 1 UNCLE WIGGILY'S AUTO SLED.
- 2 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SNOW MAN.
- 3 UNCLE WIGGILY'S HOLIDAYS.
- 4 UNCLE WIGGILY'S APPLE ROAST.
- 5 UNCLE WIGGILY'S PICNIC.
- 6 UNCLE WIGGILY GOES FISHING.
- 7 UNCLE WIGGILY'S JUNE BUG FRIENDS.
- 8 UNCLE WIGGILY'S VISIT TO THE FARM.
- 9 UNCLE WIGGILY'S SILK HAT.
- 10 UNCLE WIGGILY, INDIAN HUNTER.
- 11 UNCLE WIGGILY'S ICE CREAM PARTY.
- 12 UNCLE WIGGILY'S WOODLAND GAMES.

Every book has three stories, including the title story.

*Uncle Wiggily*



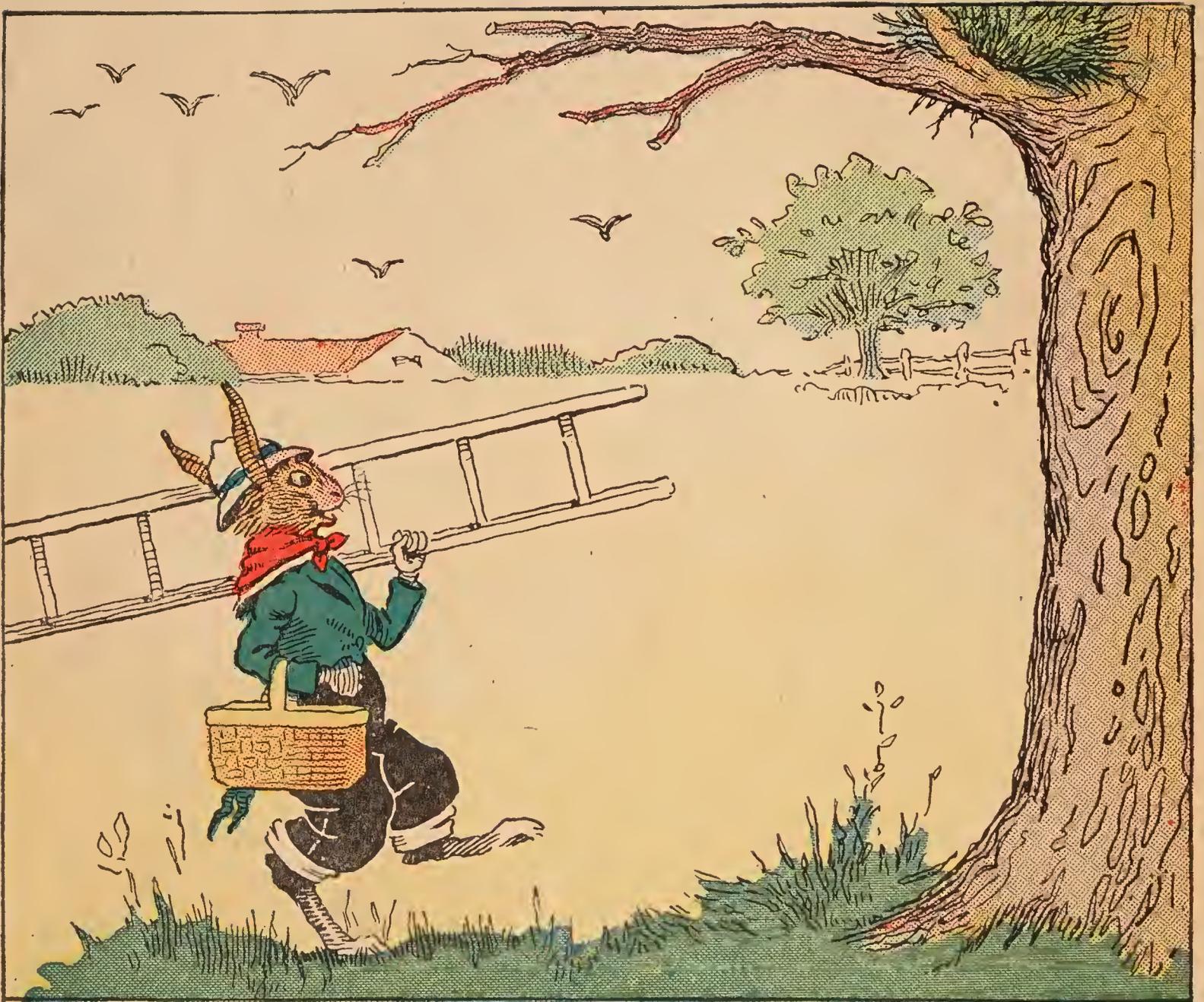
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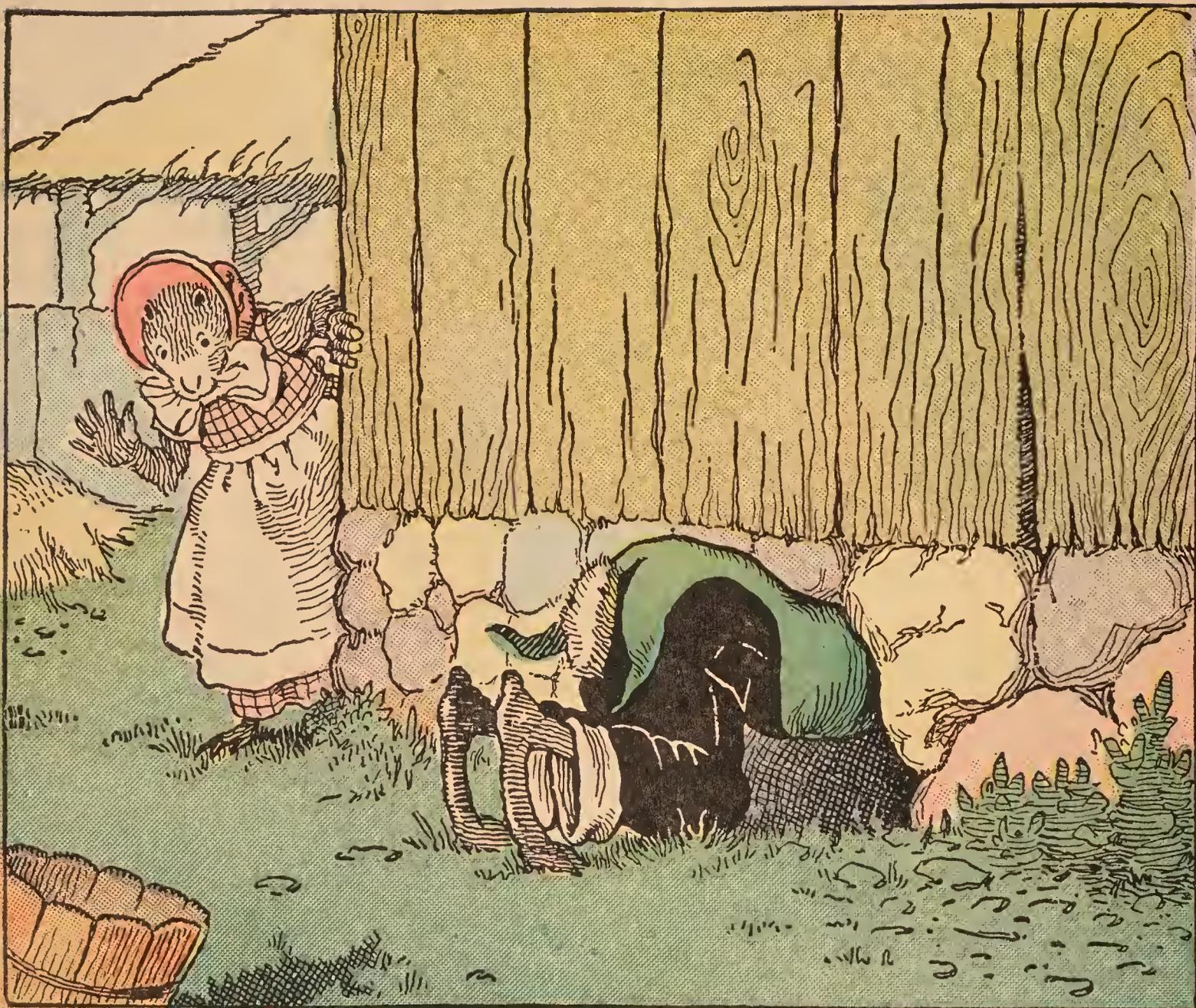
Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy went to pay a little visit to Uncle Butter the goat gentleman at the farm. Uncle Wiggily put on old clothes, and so did the muskrat lady. "For I am going to gather the eggs," said Uncle Wiggily, hanging a basket on his paw, "and I may have to crawl under the barn to find them." Nurse Jane told the bunny uncle to be careful. "While you are gathering the eggs I'll do the churning," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. Uncle Butter was going to hoe the potatoes.



Uncle Wiggily walked around looking for eggs and, all of a sudden he saw a nest up in a tree. "Oh my!" exclaimed the bunny gentleman. "That hen has laid her eggs so high up I'll have to bring a ladder to get them down." So Uncle Wiggily hunted around until he found a ladder and then, saying nothing to Nurse Jane or Uncle Butter the goat, the bunny rabbit gentleman started to climb the tree to gather the eggs from the nest. Only he didn't know just what kind of a nest it was.



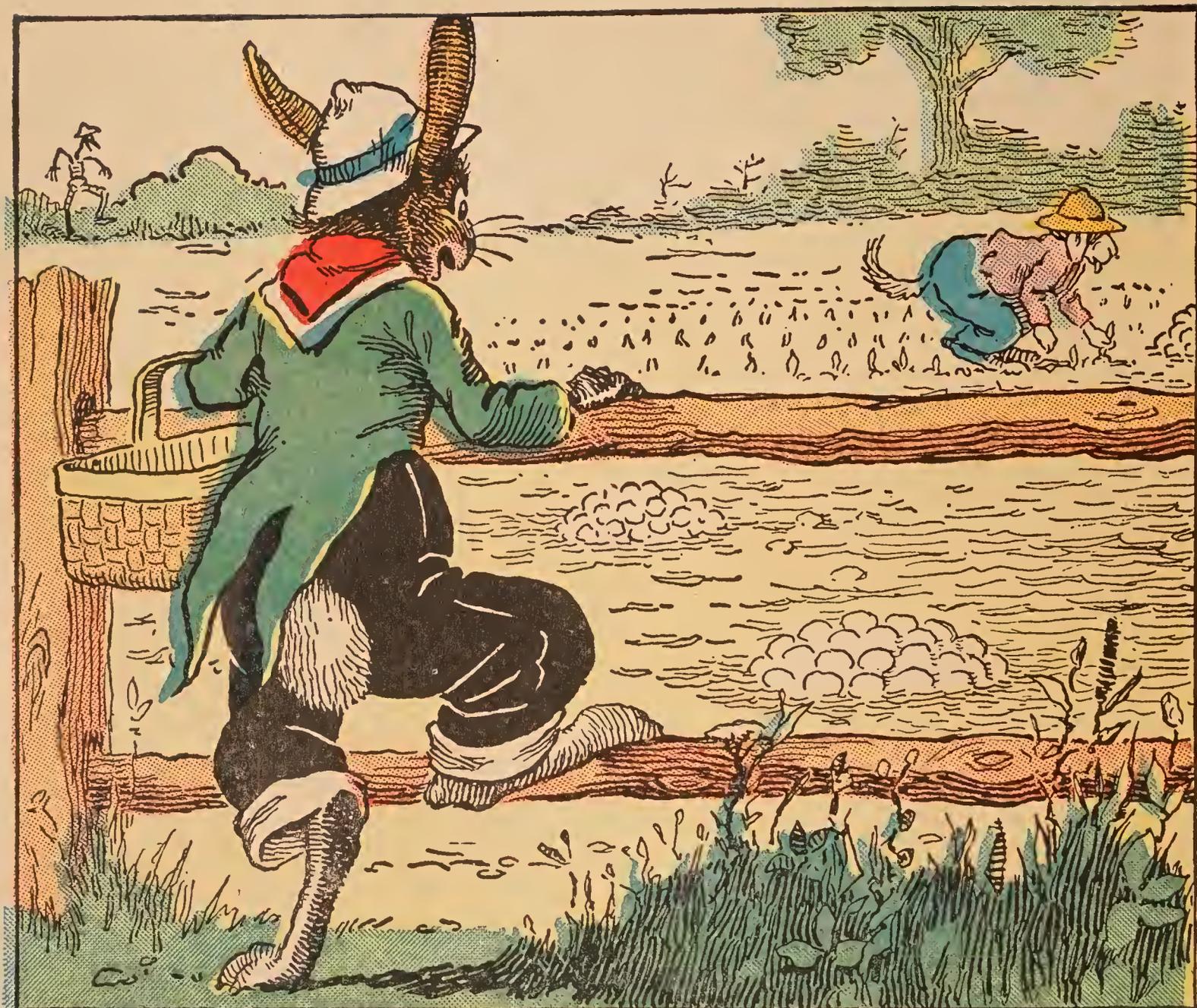
Uncle Wiggily climbed up the ladder to gather the eggs, thinking he was helping Uncle Butter, when, all of a sudden a lot of black crows came flying through the air. "Caw! Caw! Caw!" cried the crows. "Please leave our eggs alone, Uncle Wiggily!" And they flew at the bunny gentleman so hard that he had to hold his paws over his ears to save his souse. "Oh, excuse me!" said the bunny to the crows. "I did not mean to take your eggs. I thought these were high hens' eggs."



Uncle Wiggily begged the pardon of the crows, for having mistaken their nest for one with hens' eggs in, and then, climbing down the ladder, Mr. Longears hopped along until he came to a barn. He saw a hen lady go under the barn. "Ah ha!" thought the rabbit uncle. "There must be eggs there! I'll crawl under and see." So Uncle Wiggily crawled under the barn, and when he was half way through the hole, along came Nurse Jane. "Mercy sakes, Wiggie! What are you doing?" asked the muskrat lady.



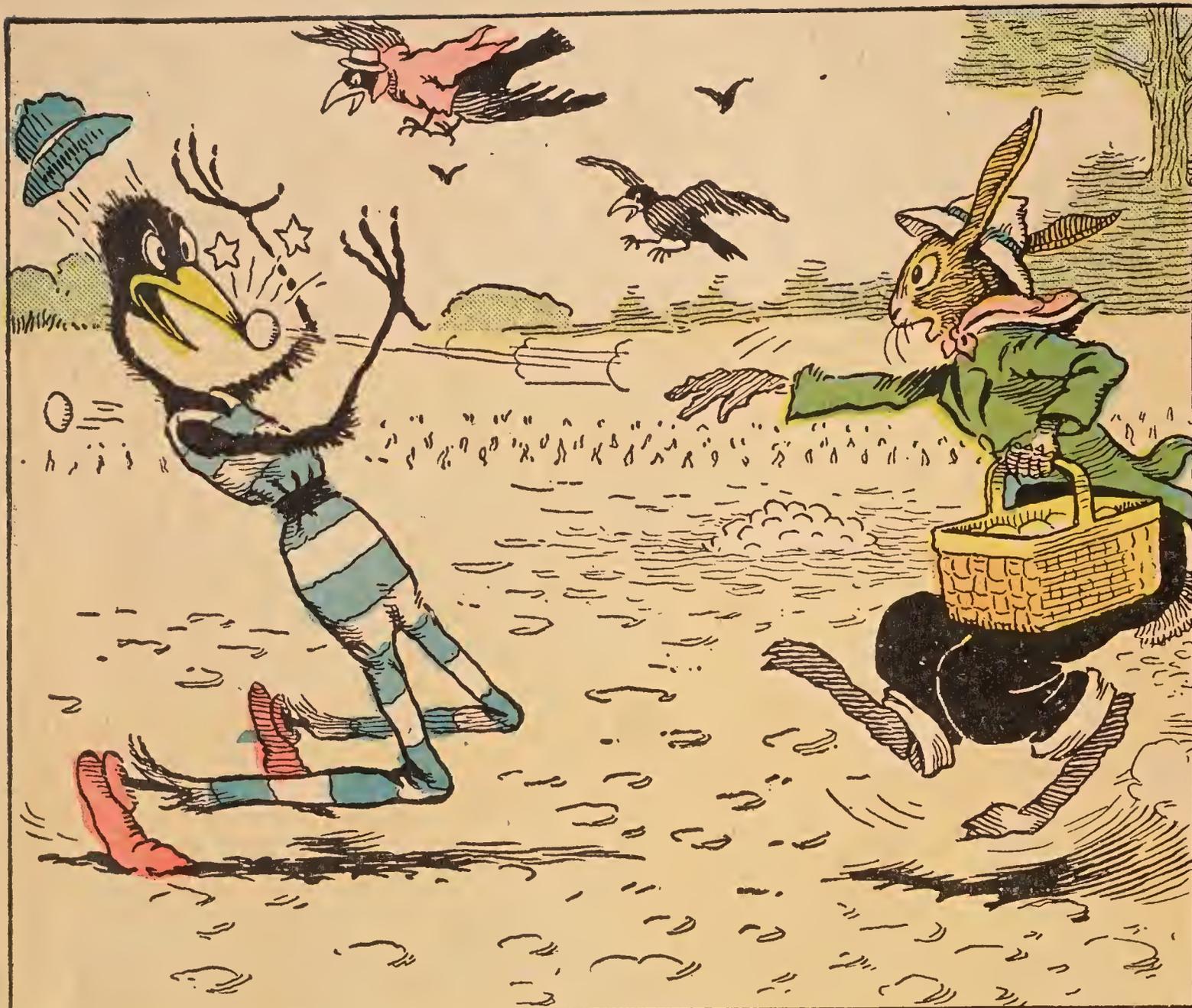
Uncle Wiggily crawled under the barn to get some eggs he thought might be there, but he found none. The hen lady had not laid any yet. Uncle Wiggily started to crawl out from under the barn floor, but it was not as easy as it was to crawl in. Uncle Wiggily was stuck. 'Help! Help! Help!' cried the bunny gentleman in wild alarm. Uncle Butter, the goat, and Nurse Jane had to take up part of the barn floor before they could get Uncle Wiggily out. And still no eggs!



After he had been pulled out from under the barn Uncle Wiggily brushed off the cobwebs and hayseed and walked on with his basket. "I must find some eggs," he said. "You had better be careful or you'll find an adventure before you know it," warned Nurse Jane. Uncle Wiggily walked on and on and soon he came to a field where Old Dog Percival was working on Uncle Butter's farm. "Ha! Percival is pulling eggs out of the ground," said the bunny. "Here is where I'll get some. At last I have found the eggs!"



Uncle Wiggily hopped over the fence into the field where, in the far corner, Old Dog Percival was working. Uncle Wiggily began to fill his basket with what he thought were eggs that had been pulled out of the ground. You see Mr. Longears did not know much about a farm. All of a sudden the bad old Skeezicks sneaked up behind Uncle Wiggily. "This is the time I get his souse!" howled the bad chap, as he reached out his claws to grab Uncle Wiggily by the ears. "Look out! Look out!" cawed the friendly crows.



Uncle Wiggily looked up just as the good crows cried "Caw! Caw! Caw!" The bunny gentleman saw the Skeezycks about to grab for some ear souse. "Oh, what shall I do?" cried Uncle Wiggily. "How can I drive the Skee away?" The crows told the bunny to throw something at the Skee. "But I have only eggs, which Percival dug," said the bunny. "Ha! Ha!" laughed the crows. "Those are not eggs—they are hard turnips. Throw them at the Skee!" Uncle Wiggily did, hitting him on his soft and tender nose.



LANG CAMPBELL  
8-8-20

Uncle Wiggily pelted the Skee so hard, and the crows picked at him so much, that the bad chap was glad enough to run away. "I'll be good! I'll be good!" he cackled. "I never thought Uncle Wiggily would throw hard turnips at me instead of eggs." And Uncle Wiggily was much surprised when he found he had been gathering turnips for eggs. "But I found a real hen's nest," said Nurse Jane, as she showed her sunbonnet full of good eggs. "Well! Well!" said Uncle Wiggily, "there are more things on a farm than I thought."

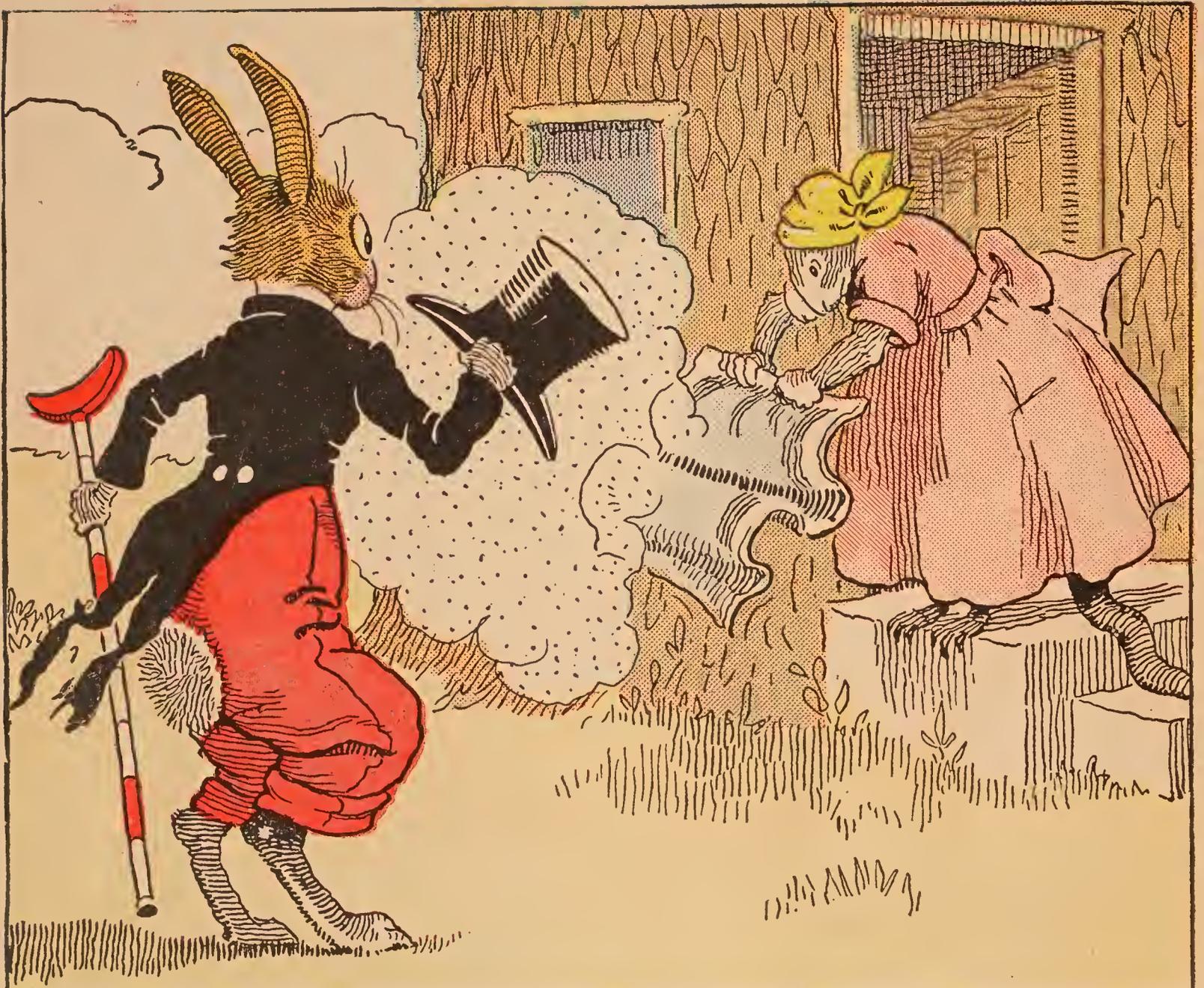
And if the electric fan doesn't blow the hat off the head of the tack so the  
egg beater gets all sunburned when it washes the dishes,  
the next pictures and story will tell how



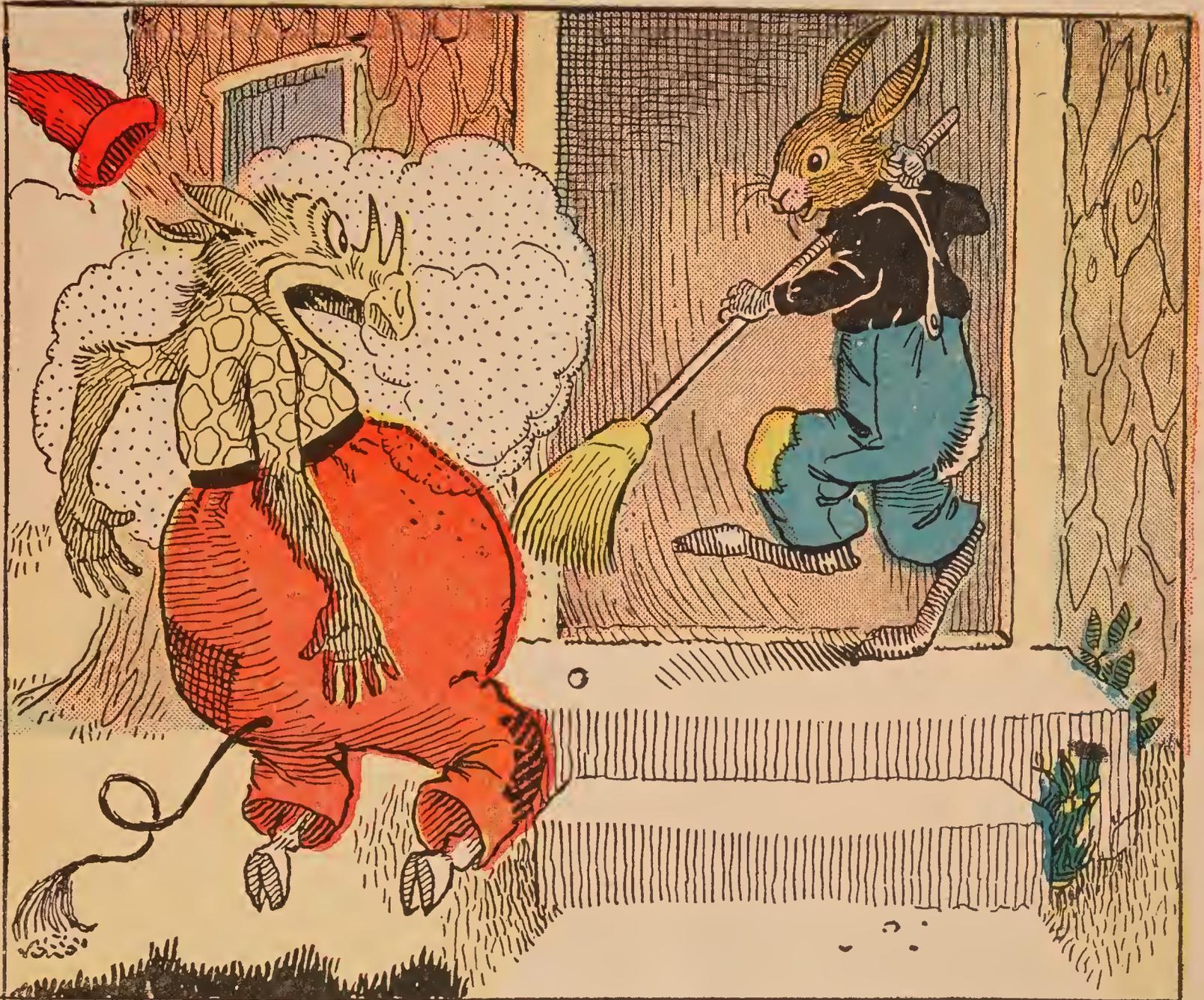
UNCLE WIGGILY HELPED NURSE  
JANE WITH THE HOUSE CLEANING. AND IT IS  
A GOOD THING HE DID, OR HE MIGHT HAVE LOST HIS SOUSE.



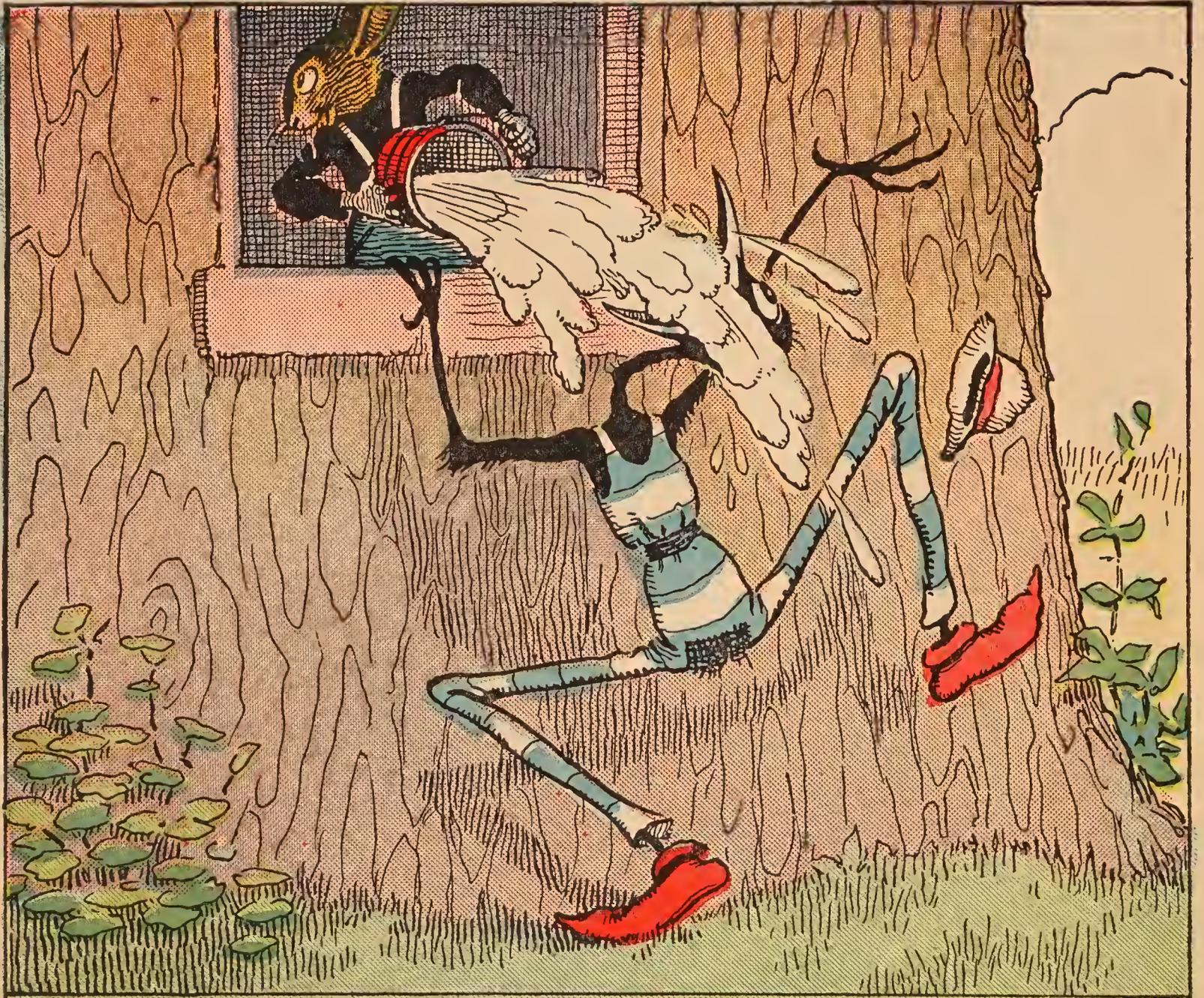
Once upon a time, not so very many years ago, there happened to meet, in the woods, the Pipsisewah, the Skeezicks, the Skuddlemagoon, the Boozap, the Blue Nosed Babboon and the Fuzzy Fox. "I don't know how you feel about it, friends," gargled the Pip, "but I am hungry for some of Uncle Wiggily's souse!" They all said they were. "Then," went on the Pip, "let's go, one after another, to his hollow stump bungalow and try to get some. He may fool one of us but he can not fool us all! We'll take turns trying to catch him."



“My goodness me sakes alive and some strawberry lollypops!” cried the bunny rabbit gentleman, as he came home to his hollow stump bungalow. “What are you doing, Nurse Jane?” The muskrat lady said she was doing the fall house cleaning. “Then it is time I helped you,” said the rabbit gentleman. “It is not right that I should be off having fun, looking for adventures, while you work here at home. I’ll get on my old clothes and help you. I have had no adventures today. Now I may get one or two.” And just you wait.



Nurse Jane said it was very kind of Uncle Wiggily to wish to help her. So, after he had put on old clothes, he began to sweep. And just about this time the Pipsisewah, who was going to be the first to try to get the bunny's souse, rushed up to the hollow stump bungalow. "Now I've got you!" cried the Pip to Uncle Wiggily, but the brave rabbit gentleman, with the broom, swept such a cloud of dust in the Pip's eyes that the bad chap sneezed a back somersault, and had to run.



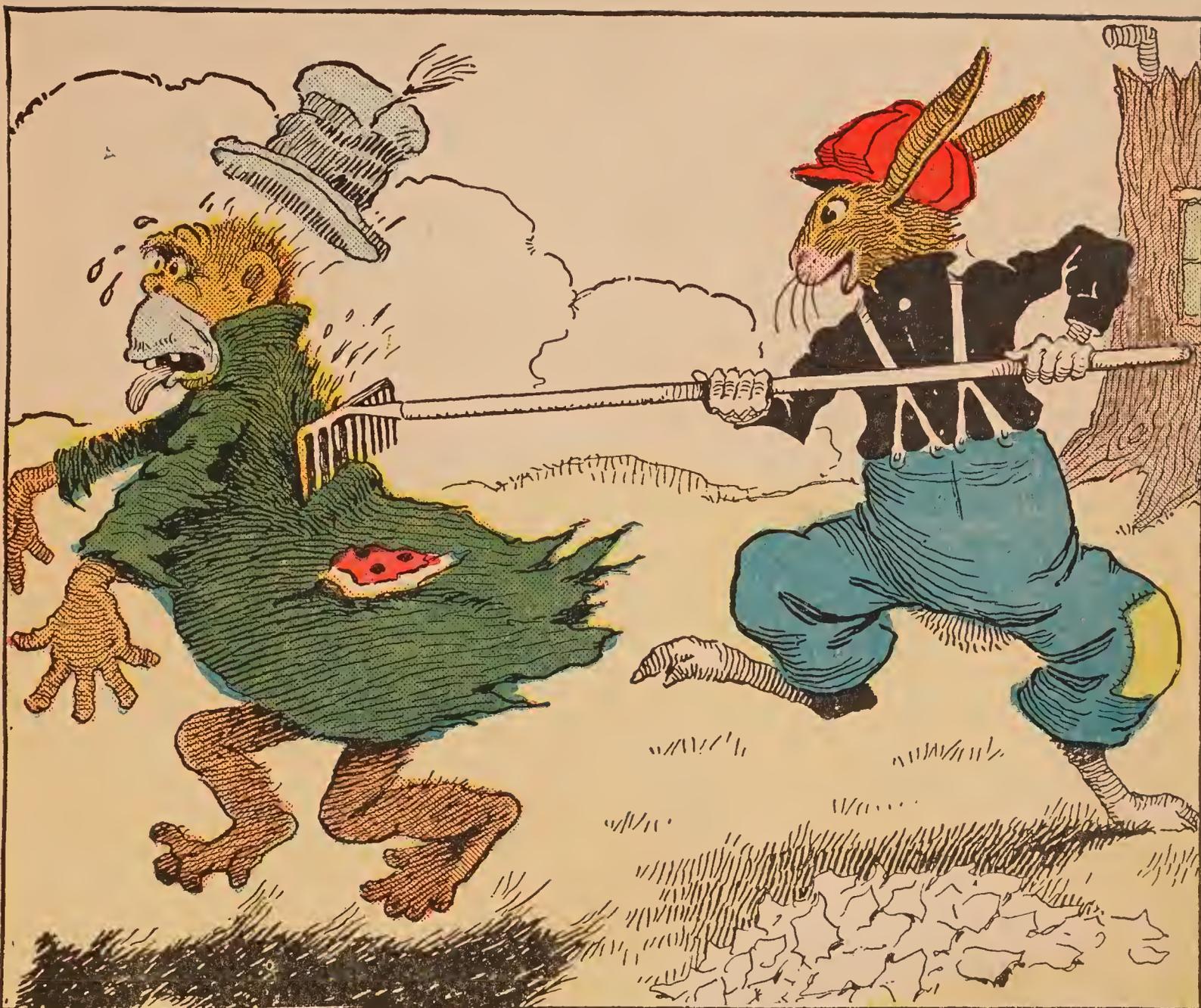
“Are you all right, Uncle Wiggily?” asked Nurse Jane, as she heard the noise. “Yes, I drove the Pip away. He didn’t get my souse,” answered the rabbit. “Maybe he didn’t, but I’ll get some,” snickered the Skee-zicks. “I’ll climb in through the window.” But just as the Skee-zicks was climbing in, Nurse Jane asked Uncle Wiggily to empty a pail of soap suds for her. “I’ll throw it out the window,” said the bunny gentleman. And he did—right in the face of the Skee. “Oh wow!” howled the bad chap.



“You fellows don’t know how to get souse off a rabbit’s ears,” said the Skuddlemagoon, when the Pip and Skee came back lame and limping and dusty and wet. “You watch me catch Uncle Wiggily. He is going to beat a rug, and, when he isn’t looking I’ll run up behind and grab him. “Well, the Skuddlemagoon tried to do this. But Uncle Wiggily heard him coming and, turning quickly, he gave the Skuddlemagoon a beating instead of the rug. “Oh, don’t knock any more dust out of me!” begged the bad animal.



Uncle Wiggily beat the Skuddlemagoon so hard that the bad creature was glad enough to run away. "What do you want me to do next to help you, Nurse Jane?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "You might cut a little wood for the fire, so I can get supper," answered the muskrat lady. So Uncle Wiggily took the axe and began to chop a stick. But, just as he gave a hard cut, the Boozap rushed up to try for some souse. And the end of the stick flew over and hit him on the nose. "Woe is me!" howled the Boozap.

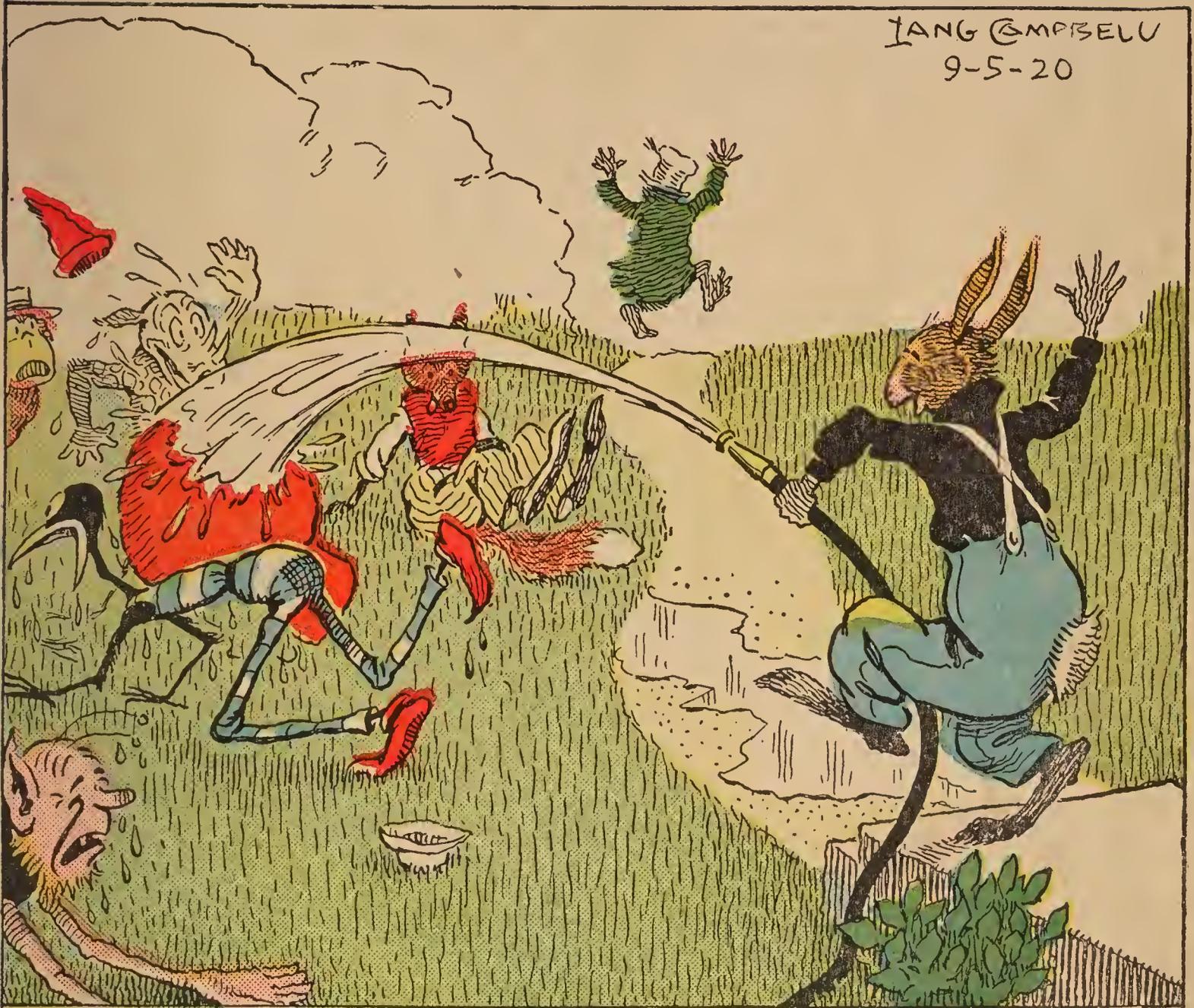


Away ran the Boozap, very sorry, indeed, that he had tried to get Uncle Wiggily's souse. The bunny brought in the wood, and then said: "I will rake up the yard, Nurse Jane, and make it look nice over Sunday." The muskrat lady thought that would be fine. But as Uncle Wiggily was raking up the fallen leaves and dried grass, all at once out at him jumped the Blue Nosed Babboon. "Souse I want and souse I must have!" howled the Bab. "Let me scratch your back with this rake!" laughed Uncle Wiggily.



Uncle Wiggily rubbed the sharp teeth of the rake so hard on the back of the Blue Nosed Babboon that the funny chap gave a loud howl and cried: "Oh wow! How you tickle! I can't stand this!" Then he ran away, and Uncle Wiggily went to the garden to get some potatoes for Nurse Jane to cook for supper. All of a sudden the Fuzzy Fox jumped out from behind a big tree. "I want souse!" howled the fox. "Try a potato instead!" answered Uncle Wiggily, and he threw them at the fox, making him run.

IANG CAMPBELL  
9-5-20



The fox ran back to the woods where the other bad animals were waiting. "Did you get some souse?" they asked. "No!" barked the Fox. "Uncle Wiggily is too smart for one of us at a time. We must all rush at him together." So the bad animals tried this. But just then Uncle Wiggily began washing the stoop with the hose. And when he saw the six bad animals he turned the hose on them, and the water got in their eyes and noses and mouths and drove them away. So Uncle Wiggily's souse was saved.

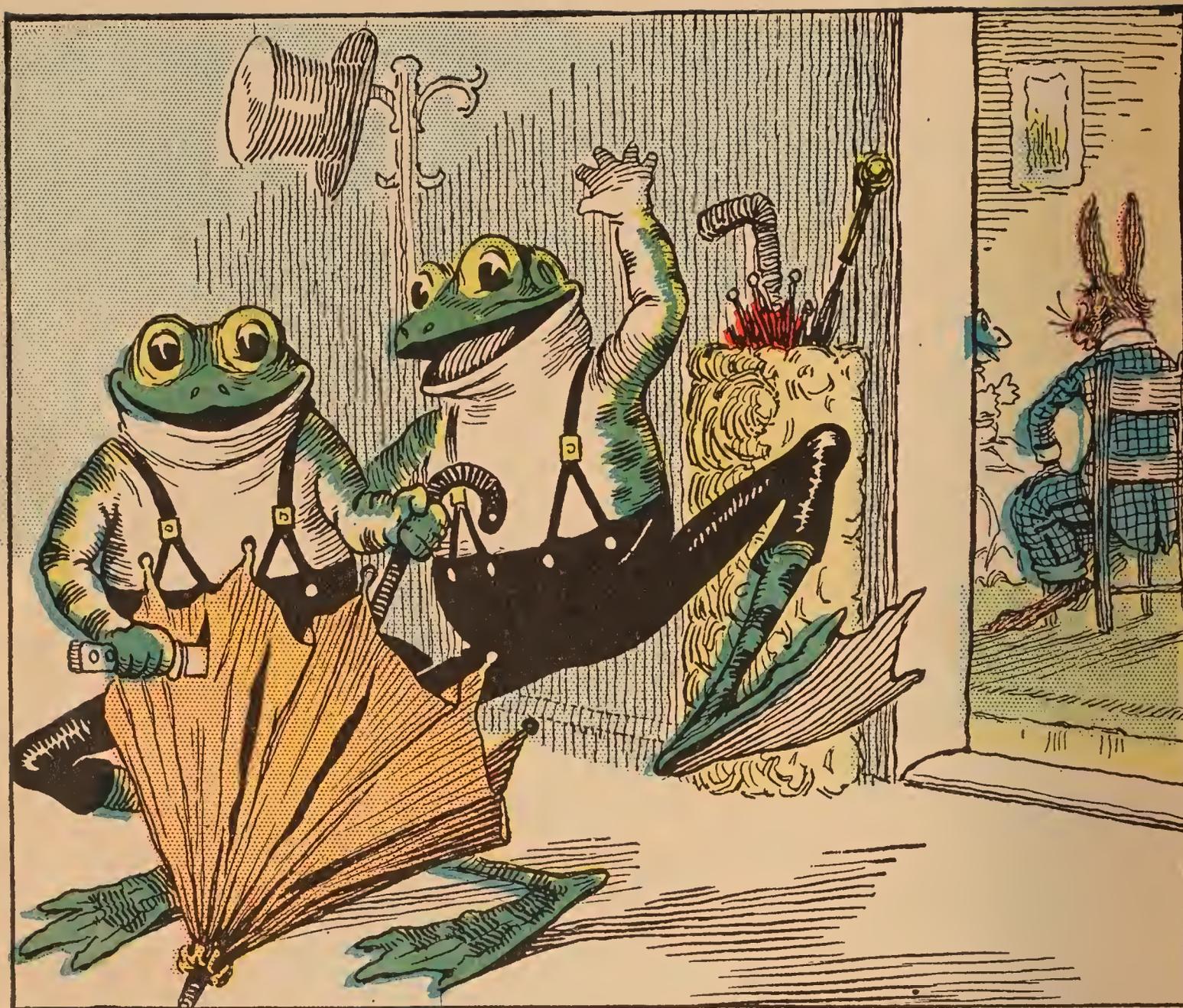
**And if the strawberry shortcake grows long enough to reach over and tickle  
the nose of the teapot, the next pictures and story will tell how**



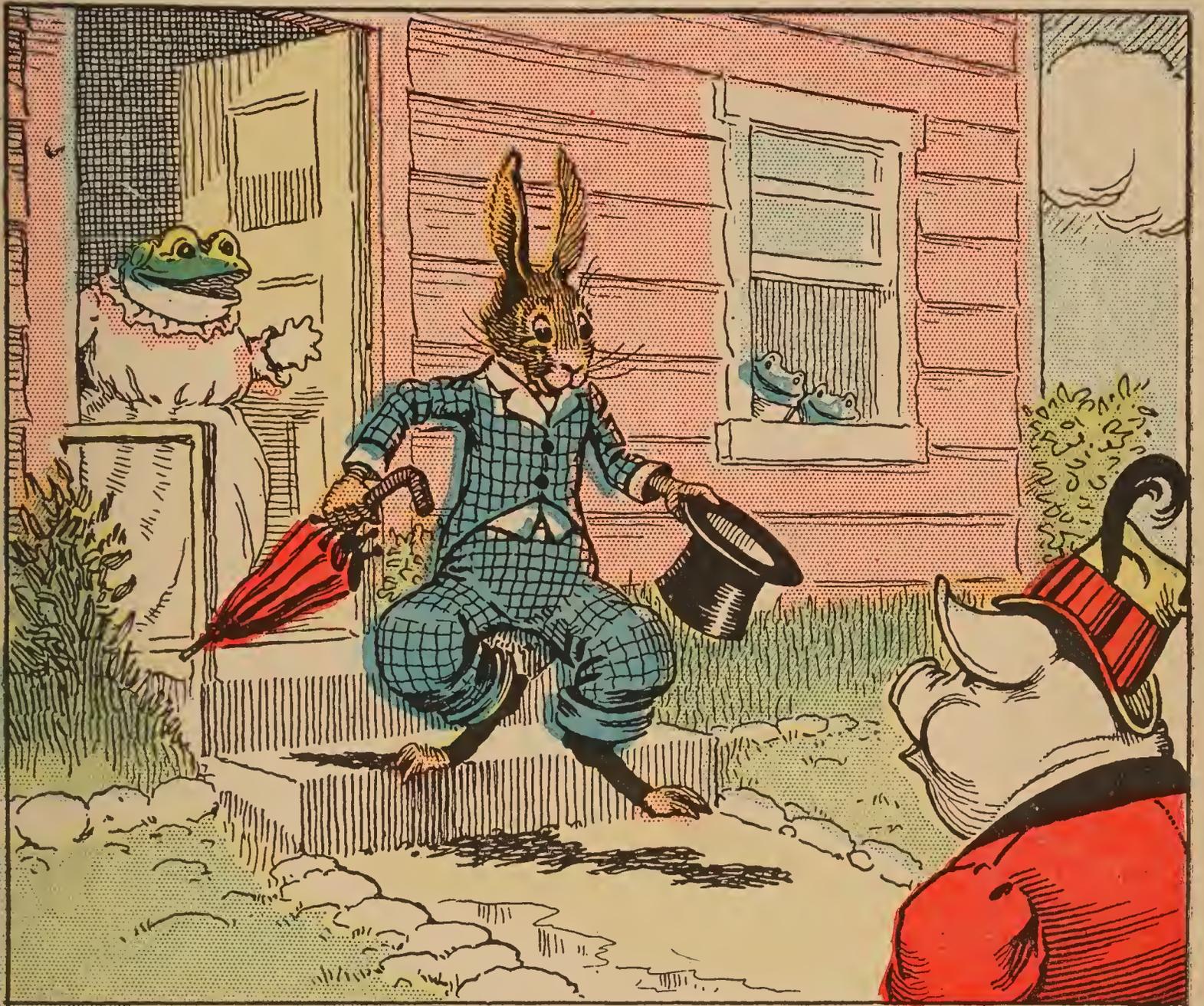
**UNCLE WIGGILY WENT OUT IN AN APRIL  
SHOWER. BULLY AND BAWLY, THE FROG BOYS,  
THOUGHT THEY'D PLAY A TRICK ON HIM. BUT DID THEY?**



One day, early in April, when showers happen every little while, Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice bunny rabbit gentleman, went to call on Mrs. No-Tail, the frog lady, who was the mother of Bully and Bawly, the two froggie boys, but he had his umbrella, and his new spring suit did not get wet. It was pouring hard when the bunny reached Mrs. No-Tail's house, and Bully and Bawly, who, of course, did not mind getting wet, saw Mr. Longears. "Let's play a joke on him!" croaked Bully. "Let's play a nice joke on Uncle Wiggily!"



“What kind of a joke shall we play on Uncle Wiggily?” asked Bawly, of his frog brother, as the rabbit gentleman put down his umbrella and went in the house. “Oh, we’ll just cut a lot of holes in his umbrella, and then furl it up,” croaked Bully. “Then when he goes home from here, and opens his umbrella in a shower, which is sure to come, he’ll get all wet! Won’t that be funny?” Then he and his brother took the bread knife and, going out in the hall where their mother and Uncle Wiggily could not see them, they cut the umbrella.



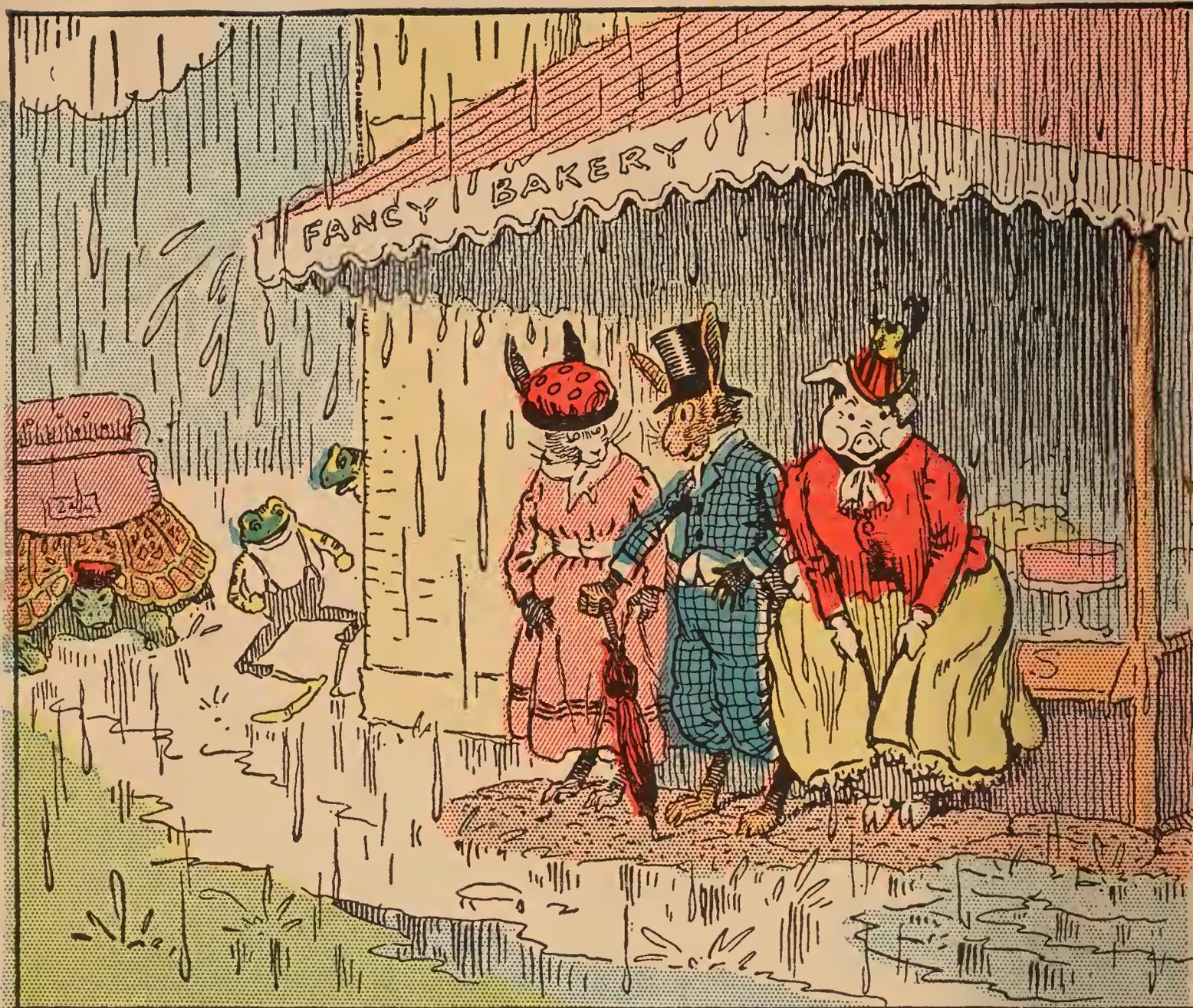
After a nice visit with Mrs. No-Tail, and having had a cup of tea, Uncle Wiggily said: "I have not had an adventure yet today." Then he went out in the hall and picked up an umbrella. Bully and Bawly could hardly keep from laughing. "Wait until it showers and he opens that umbrella!" whispered Bully. As Uncle Wiggily was saying good-afternoon to Mrs. No-Tail, along came Mrs. Twistytail, the lady pig. "May I have the pleasure of walking with you?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I have an umbrella in case it rains." Oh, dear!



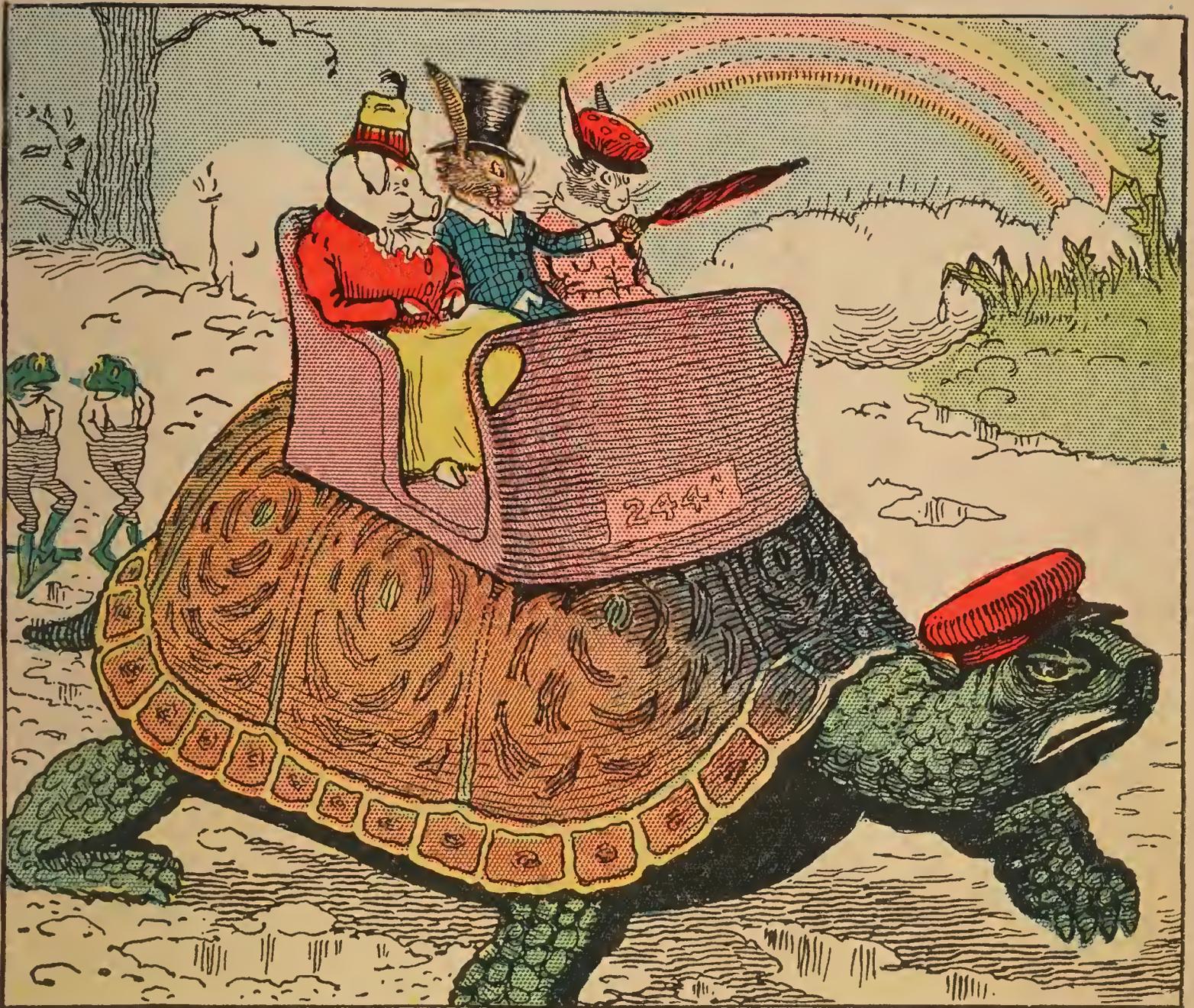
As Uncle Wiggily walked along with Mrs. Twistytail, the pig lady, he carried his umbrella, furled like the sail of a boat, under his paw. All of a sudden it began to April shower again, just as the rabbit gentleman and the lady pig passed near a large toad stool. "Oh, let's get under that, and you will not have to raise your umbrella," said Mrs. Twistytail, and they were soon sheltered from the storm. "If he never raises his umbrella he'll never know what a joke we played on him," said Bawly. "Wait," advised Bully.



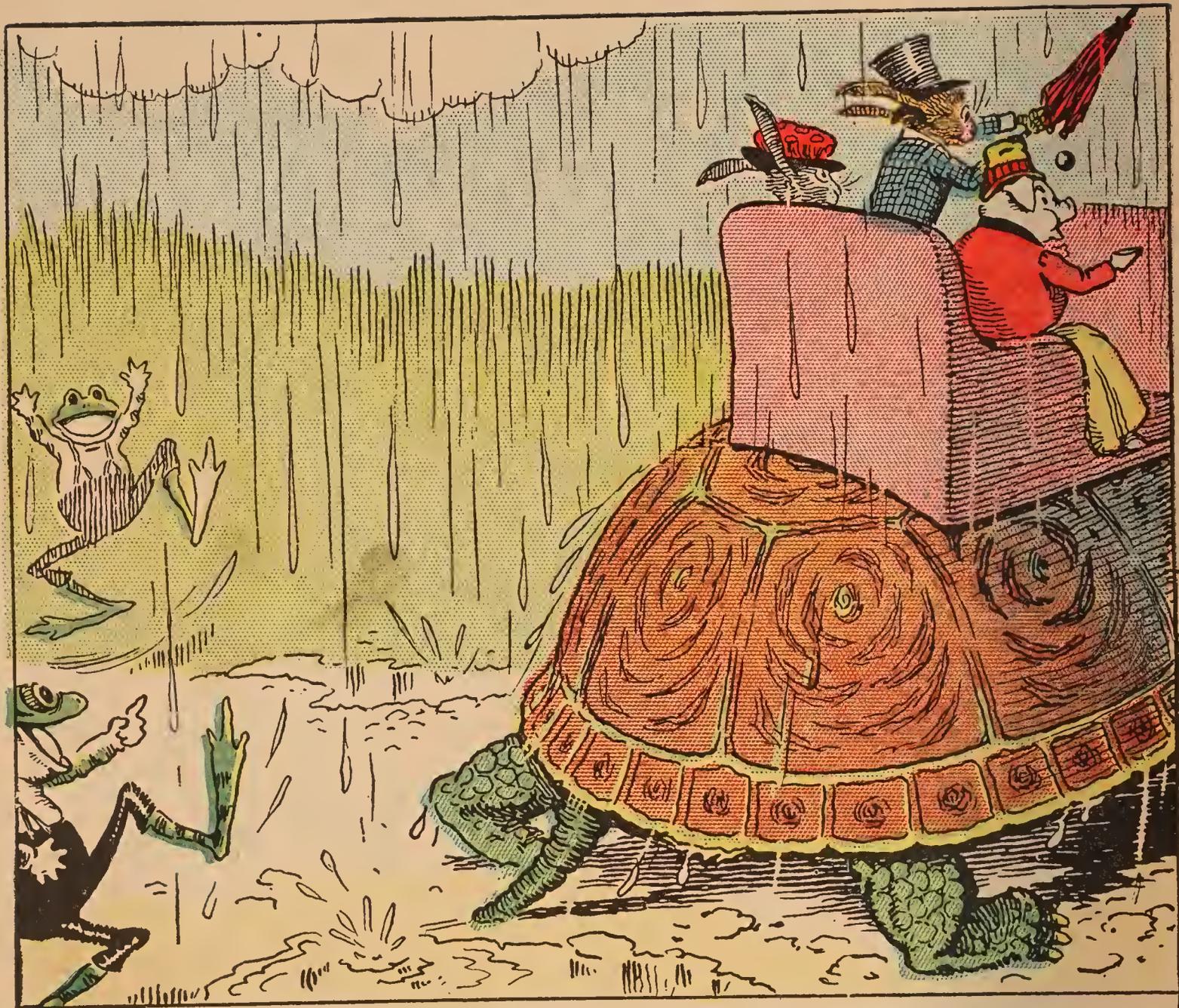
“Well, this is a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Littletail,” said Uncle Wiggily to the rabbit lady, as he and Mrs. Twistytail came out from under the toad stool. “The sun is shining again and the rain has stopped.” “I forgot my umbrella,” said Mrs. Littletail. “Then let me have the pleasure of taking you home as I am doing to Mrs. Twistytail,” said Uncle Wiggily. “It may rain again any moment.” Bully and Bawly, hopping along behind, hoped it would rain. They wanted to see what would happen when the umbrella was raised.



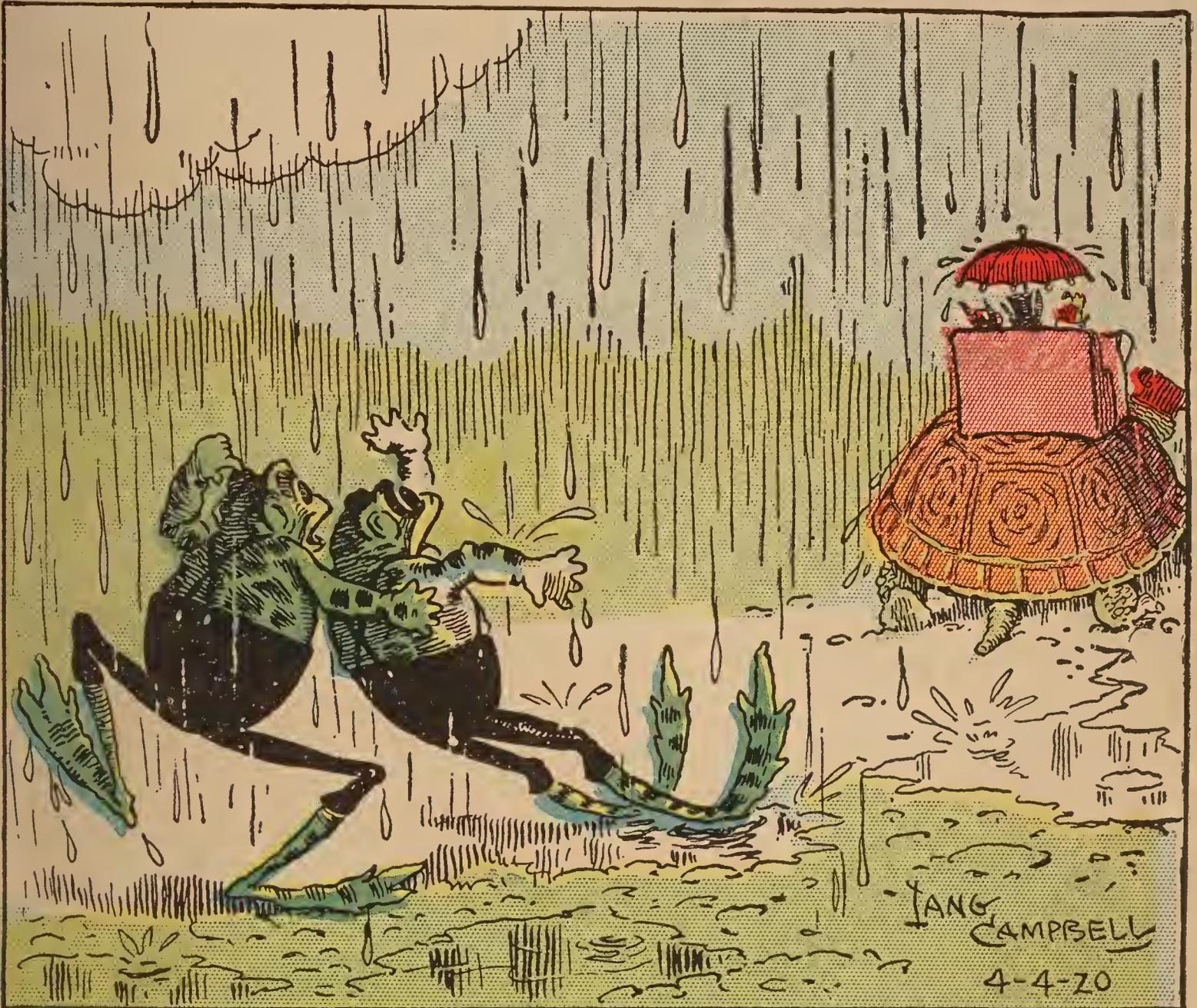
Just as Uncle Wiggily and Mrs. Twistytail and Mrs. Littletail reached a bakery, where there was a nice, big awning, it began to rain again. "Oh, let's run for shelter under the awning!" cried Mrs. Twistytail. "It will keep us as dry as the toad stool did, Uncle Wiggily!" So all three hurried under the awning, hardly a drop of water getting on them. "You do not seem to need your umbrella, Uncle Wiggily," said Mrs. Littletail. "This is the second time you found shelter." Uncle Wiggily said he was lucky. The frog boys waited.



“Taxi! Taxi!” called Uncle Wiggily, as he saw the turtle gentleman’s automobile cruising along through the puddles in front of the bakery shop awning. “Here, Taxi! I’ll ride home with the ladies.” So Uncle Wiggily and the ladies got in the turtle taxicab and, with his umbrella, Uncle Wiggily pointed to the rainbow. “We shall be home before another shower,” he said. “But, even if it rains, I still have my umbrella.” Bully and Bawly, splashing through the puddles behind the turtle taxicab, looked at one another.



“Oh, Uncle Wiggily! It is showering again!” grunted Mrs. Twistytail, the lady pig, as she felt a drop splash on her nose. “Yes, and I have my best dress on,” said Mrs. Littletail. Uncle Wiggily just laughed and stood up. He began to open his umbrella. “We shall not get wet,” he said in a jolly voice. “Even if this taxi has no top to it that will not matter. I always carry an umbrella in April, and this is not the first time I have used it today. I’ll hoist it in just a moment. It seems to be caught.” The frog boys eagerly watched.



“There! Up you go!” cried Uncle Wiggily as he raised his umbrella. “Now we shall not be wet.” The lady pig and lady rabbit said it was lucky Uncle Wiggily had his umbrella with him. “But that’s the funny part of it!” laughed the bunny gentleman. “This isn’t my umbrella. It is one of Mrs. No-Tail’s. I must have picked up the wrong one when I left her house. This is larger and better than mine which I left there.” Bully and Bawly looked at each other again, very much surprised. “We cut the wrong umbrella,” they said.



When you have finished reading this nice little book, perhaps you would like to read a larger volume about Uncle Wiggily.

If so, go to the book store and ask the Man for one of the Uncle Wiggily Bed-time Story Books, they have a lot of Funny Pictures in and 31 stories—one for every night in the month. If the book store man has none of these volumes ask him to get you one or send direct to the Publishers,

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*The Uncle Wiggily Game*

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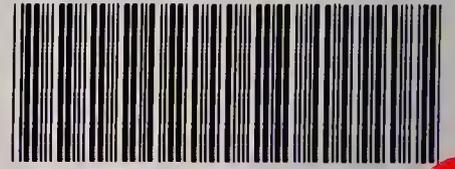
Yours for happy hours.

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